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Ἐνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμελλατοῦσαι
χαὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαῖα.

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T H E

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WORDSWORTH.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can bring
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The influence of Nature's beauty and sublimity upon the human soul even in its most elevated moods, is mysterious and intangible. Vague and delicate as strains of half-forgotten music, dim as the faint monitions of a former life, are the emotions stirred by the voice of Ocean, the sublime silence of the mountains, the circlings of the stars. At times they touch us unmistakeably, and we are lifted by them into the highest regions of thought and feeling: but again in colder moments they are powerless to move the heart, and the memory of the sentiments they once inspired seems like the shadow of some vain imagining, some foolish dream. Yet there is a reality in this influence, a power, perhaps the stronger because so subtle, to ennable the soul, and mould the character. There is a meaning in

"The outward shows of sky and earth,"
however vainly we may try to analyze and utter it.

No man has shown this influence more clearly in his life, or read more deeply in the hidden meanings of her

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hieroglyphs, than Wordsworth. It would be easy to trace the outline of his life and discover how it was formed and guided by the love of Nature. His delicate susceptibility to beauty, his quick comprehension of the spiritual realities of which the things seen are but the symbols, the tender healing power which even the simplest glories of the earth, a quiet landscape, a drifting cloud,

"A primrose by the river's brim," could exercise upon his heart, may be easily read in the story of his retired life.

But to analyze and note the special influences of Nature on his character and writings, to interpret the different meanings in some of the varied forms of natural beauty, and to place these side by side, comparing them as cause and effect, may be a harder task. Yet perhaps it is not impossible.

As you stand in the midst of a flower-garden in the month of flowers, the many aromas bled together in one inseparable perfume. But there are some scents which cannot be mistaken,—the rich, southern fragrance of orange-blossoms, the spicy odor of pinks, or the best-loved sweeteness of roses. So, as we study the poetry of Wordsworth, certain traits define themselves more clearly, and we reach an analysis, however faint and imperfect, of his mind.

At least the task will be a pleasant one,—to follow the poet into his quiet mountain-home, and, as we study his inner life, to recall the emotions which we ourselves have felt under the power of the Beautiful in Nature.

As the traveller leaves the shores of Lake Windennere, and passes up beside the dashing river Rotha, he enters a valley shut in completely from the world. Deep in its hollow, scarcely separated by a jutting ridge, nestle the twin lakes, Kydal Water and Grasmere. On all sides the bare mountains lift themselves, like sentinels, around the hidden vale. The genius of the place is theirs; softened, doubtless,

by the dreamy loveliness of the lakes and the rich verdure of the valley, but still an influence not to be mistaken. They keep the last rays of the sunset : the star of evening shines fairest just above their summits; they reach forward into the morning to catch the first faint glimmerings of the dawn. And how glorious is the outlook from some of the higher peaks,—the far expanse of dwindled woods and meadows, swept by alternate cloud-shadows and gleams of sunshine,—deep valleys, lined by a single silver thread, or holding in their urn-like hollows glistening lakes ;—but grander than all rise the mountains, “rough with crags,” ridge piled on ridge, a motionless green ocean, stretching far away to where the true ocean breaks at their feet, and the blue sky slopes to meet it.

Among such scenes as these the boyhood of Wordsworth was passed : here was the home of his manhood and his old age ; and he rests still within the shadow of the everlasting hills in the quiet churchyard at Grasmere. The power of *mountain scenery* upon his inner life is one that may be clearly traced.

The first and most marked trait in his mind is, perhaps, contemplativeness. Very different from the passionate glow of Byron, or the martial spirit of Scott, is the philosophic calm with which Wordsworth looks on man and Nature. Raptures, indeed, are his ; but they have no touch of passion. His imagination when richest and most perfect is pervaded with a lofty spirit of meditation ; and as he rises highest towards that region “to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil,” his soul seems most filled with holy awe, and is still before the Presence into which it comes. He dwells in a serene and clear air, above the turbulence and tempest of life : and yet he holds no “intellectual throne,” but looks with deepest sympathy on the heart of man,—a sympathy which pierces through all differences of rank, all injuries of toil and hardship, to recognize and love “the

human face divine." Such was the temper of mind which the mountains nurtured in him; and just the same, though lower in degree and more transitory, is the sentiment that subdues every man among the mountain-solitudes. Silence falls like a benediction upon the soul. Earthly and sensual passions fade away like mists, and the mind is raised to contemplate the vast and unchanging realities of Nature and life.

There is an influence of mountains which works not only in individuals but in communities, and results not simply in a personal quality but in a national trait. I mean firmness. The dwellers by the sea are fickle and variable as that great element itself. They delight in travel and change of scene. Variety becomes to them a necessity of life. The mountain peoples are stable, firm, unchanging. The Swiss soldier, brave and steadfast in danger, sinks and dies under that strange malady of the heart, which we call homesickness. Change, to him, brings pain and death.

This influence is marked in the temper of Wordsworth. The world has seldom known a life more fixed in purpose, more firm in execution, than was his. He knew that the poet's "vital soul" was in him. He could not, dared not starve or stifle it. With barely a hundred pounds a year for the support of his sister and himself, he turned his back upon Society, with hardly a regret for all the chances of wealth and fame that he must resign, and made his home in the deepest retirement. Here, through poverty and discouragement, he fulfilled his mission as a poet. For Poetry, to him, was no mere instrument of pleasure, but an art demanding the devotion of a life, worthy to have its martyrs as well as its laureates. This reverent love for his office upheld him through scorn, ridicule, and, hardest of all, neglect, to vindicate his theory of Poetry as "the image of man and Nature." And when at last Fame crowned his waiting, and England knew her greatest living poet, suc-

cess found him unchanged, still dwelling retired among the mountains, from which not even the applause of men could draw him away. For him, rank and the outward honors of Society had no attraction. The son of toil, in whom the formalities of life had not overgrown the strength and simplicity of the human heart, and whose feelings were natural though rude, seemed far nobler to him than the artificial worldling; just as the simple stone hut accords better with the spirit of the hills, than the most splendid of modern villas. Nothing that was false and hollow was worthy of his song: nothing that was true and good and beautiful was too trivial for his loving notice.

This character of mind is one that is peculiarly nursed and developed by the influence of mountains. Among their solitudes, no feeling is more deeply experienced than the littleness of human fame and honors, and the brevity of man's existence. The vanities of life, so light, so fleeting, seem like the mists which curl around the hills in the morning, and at noon are vanished: "but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."

To the same influence is traceable his want of humor. He was too much in earnest to jest. He had that which Carlyle calls the essential of greatness, the consciousness of the eternal realities. "Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot." I think he felt too deeply the sacredness of all existence to laugh at it. In his intense sincerity and earnestness he did not seem to know how narrow a line, in the estimation of the world, divides the Sublime from the Ridiculous.

As you stand in the Vale of Grasmere, and run your eye around the lofty circle of the hills, tracing each rugged summit and long ridge, you feel at once their *simplicity*. There is no bewildering variety of detail, no rich commingling of colors as in the mountains of the Torrid Zone

where the gorgeous hues of tropic vegetation pass through many a bright gradation into the dazzling whiteness of the snow-peaks. Treeless and boldly outlined, with no attraction of coloring to heighten the beauty of their forms, the hills of England produce an effect at once single and grand. So, in the poems of him who was their best interpreter, grandeur shines through simplicity. When he wishes to call up some lovely or impressive scene he does not paint with pre-Raphaelitic minuteness, but with one or two simple outlines places the picture before us. What description could be finer than those lines beginning,

There is an eminence of these our hills,
The last that parleys with the setting sun?

Could a fair evening after a day of storm be better described than in these lines?

Loud is the Vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone.
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices one!

Loud is the Vale! this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

And yet the hand that had so free a sweep knew how to be delicate as well as bold. Nothing was too humble to bear a lesson, no image too minute to summon up a whole flood of thought. What could be

More desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's nest, filled with snow,
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine?

Every one knows and admires the familiar couplet,—

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.

A whole sonnet could not call up more distinctly the waveless lake, still as a picture; the reflected sky and slowly drifting clouds; and the white swan floating] above its

counterpart, in startling contrast to the dark waters. This is the art of nature. A single touch from the master-hand awakens the imagination; and the chord, once struck, vibrates into perfect harmonies.

Closely allied to the simplicity of the mountains, and perhaps an outgrowth of it, is their spiritualizing power. In none of the visible forms of Nature is a meaning more clearly felt than in the mountains. Under their influence the "impulses of deeper birth" come strongest to the soul: their summits are oftenest touched and glorified by

"The light that never was on land or sea,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

Wordsworth, more than any other poet, was spiritual. He caught the soul of Beauty, and uttered it in his solemn melodies. He has interpreted those dim

"Truths that the nearest point removes from reach,
And thoughts that tremble on the brink of speech."

All scenes are open to his insight: he can speak the spirit of the stern mountains, the weary moor, or the peaceful valley. Who else could have felt and told so exquisitely all the beauty of Yarrow?

Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

The highest trait in the mind of Wordsworth is the sentiment of reverence, the temper of worship. And this is a spirit which seems, in almost all ages and religions, to have had its grandest and most precious associations among the mountains. The Greeks placed the dwelling of their gods on the snowy summit of Olympus. The simple islanders of the Pacific worship the deity whose abode is in the crater of their volcano-mountain. The Hebrews received their Law from the harsh rocks of Sinai. And to the Christian heart the Mount of Transfiguration and Calvary must be always sacred. There is an influence, sublime and

elevating, in mountain-scenery which lifts the soul towards Him, " who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever."

The feeling of worship pervades all the poetry of Wordsworth. I can find no better extract in illustration than this sonnet, which exhibits at the same time his other greatest traits in perfection, and forms a fitting close and crown to our study of the man and the poet.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration : the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :
 Listen ! The mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder,—everlastingly.
 Dear child ! Dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by any solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worshippest at the Temple's inner shrine.
 God being with thee when we know it not.

HAND LANGUAGE.

Hands, clasped

While lips of faith breathe forth their longings to the Mercy-seat.
 Like incense wavering upward from the Spirit's Altar-fire ;
 And hearts pour out their ointment-chrism upon the Saviour's feet
 In love for His dear love ; while lives in His life, all-complete,
 To perfectness, though won as His through suffering, aspire ;

Hands, grasped

While pulsing heart-blood rushes to the throbbing finger-tips,
 As all the wearied pantings of the Spirit passion-riven
 Would nestle fondly there, and, in the sweetness of eclipse
 By stronger passion, melt, as melt the far Ocean-ships
 Into the Ocean's self, or as the night-seas blend with Heaven ;

Hands, crossed

Upon a bosom motionless as silence, and so white !
 Heart-billows tossed no longer with tempestuous sorrow-whirl ;
 Brow-furrows smoothed to peace beneath death's aureole angel-light ;
 Lips kissed, uncaring ; saddened eyes forever closed to sight,
 And opal's summer glory paled to Orient snowy pearl ;

Ah ! hands

With languaged silence sweet and true, yet cf time sad as tears,
 You emblem, in your ecstacy of stillness, life and death—
 From earliest dawn of childhood to the dusk of years.
 For what is truest life but troth and trust with sometime fears ?
 And what is death, dear death, but Heaven and sight in lieu of faith !

Pale hands

That form the cross and clasp the valley-lilies, heeding less
 The sweetness and the beauty of your burden, than release
 From troubulous toil and suffering sense, to you I turn and press
 My quivering lips with longing heart, for, in your loveliness
 I read that after storm and wearied watching cometh peace.

N. W. W.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LEISURE.

There are acutely sensitive natures, for whom life is an almost unbroken succession of vexatious experiences and unhappy hours. Wearied with turmoil and strife, grieved at the dearth of noble souls, they sigh for

'A philosopher's life in the quiet, woodland ways,
 Where if they cannot be gay, a passionless peace were their lot.'

For others, life implies endless work, requiring undivided and untiring exertion. They look upon resting hours as time lost. The imperative demand of the system for repose, is regarded as a sign of inherent weakness,—an infallible proof of original sin. An honest man may be the noblest work of God, but not without the additional grace of unceasing activity.

Such ideas are especially characteristic of the American mind, for the peculiar nature of our institutions, which place the highest positions within reach of the lowly-born, has fostered an intense spirit of emulation. Reigning supreme in political and in social circles, rivalry has found its way to academic retreats, and invaded even the spheres of morality and religion. Hence the present is a practical age, which would merge the Beautiful into the Useful. It treats those who sigh for a "passionless peace," as deserters from the conflict of life. Mistaking quietness for indolence, it is never weary of representing Idleness as the parent of Vice, and is wont to consider men of retired and studious habits as mere *drones* in a community.

While we may undoubtedly regard leisure as the special privilege of scholars and men of culture, we believe this to be a derived and specific sense of the word. We shall therefore use the term with a broader meaning and a closer adherence to its original signification. Experience teaches us, that vigorous action cannot be at once superseded by complete quiescence without a strain upon the organism which inevitably proves injurious and perhaps fatal. Accordingly men everywhere recognize the fact, that there must be an intermission between toil and repose, and to this interval was primarily applied the term leisure. Evidently then, every individual, be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, necessarily enjoys more or less time for recreation, while the manner of employing this transient interval, becomes an unerring index of character.

For the representative American, leisure means neither more nor less than pleasure-seeking,—a safety valve for over-worked, high-pressure men of business. With a far deeper significance, resting hours appear as means to discipline, for they are like those quiet moments between slumber and perfect waking, when the faculties of the mind are alert amid physical tranquillity. Since repose

thus utterly disavows kinship with Idleness, dissipation and luxurious ease, as well as thoughtless levity, are leisure abused and misunderstood. Neither does it induce dreamy or fictitious views of life, for, as practical Franklin well observed, "Leisure is the time to do something useful." Intercourse with the world is chiefly valuable, as enabling us to display that wealth of ideas, that firmness of character and that all-embracing sympathy, which are the peculiar acquirements of resting hours if usefully employed. Realizing then, that ceaseless activity, even were it possible, would preclude the most perfect culture, we should esteem leisure as an *indispensable element of individual education*.

Rest promotes physical vigor. It restores to our bodily powers that equipoise without which their delicate structure and varied functions must become hopelessly deranged. It is the unbending of the bow, which else loses its flexible strength and graceful symmetry. Again, it is essential to mental discipline, for "the mind is a coral stone, around which thoughts cluster silently in the stillness, but are frightened away by tumult." Without periods of relaxation, there can be no appreciation of the Beautiful, for sweet strains of music reach only the tranquil listener, and the hasty glance at painting or statue, discloses not the master's ideal. I've somewhere seen a picture of Shakespeare, reclining upon the mossy bank of a shady rivulet, at which a timid deer stood drinking. Above his head the rich foliage of interlacing branches had formed a natural canopy, while birds were noiselessly flitting from bough to bough, and through the dusky wood streamed the mellowing radiance of the setting sun. And as I admiringly gazed upon the conception of the artist, I seemed to hear the poet repeating his own exquisite lines,

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

But leisure has a far higher mission than simply to cultivate the intellect and impart energy to the frame. After resting, we may resume our daily tasks as Bunyan's Pilgrim parted from his kindly hosts, not only refreshed and newly armed, but inspired with ennobling thoughts and grander resolves. Soul culture is not possible amid the excitements of busy life. It is the property of *action* to strengthen the will and to nerve the arm. It is the distinctive property of *leisure*, to expand the capacities of the soul and thoroughly to exercise and discipline its powers.

To this end, a comprehensive study of human nature is indispensable, and moments of leisure are bowers on the way of life, whence we may calmly survey the passing world and learn lessons of caution and encouragement, from the experience of our fellows.

But soul culture results chiefly from close and persistent self-study. Few find such introspection an impossibility, but far more regard it as a dreaded ordeal, for when the light of truth shines into the biding-places in our hearts, imperfection becomes unpleasantly obvious. Accordingly men resort to various devices for the purpose of "killing time," and ridding themselves of that most unwelcome guest, reflection. But instead of thus sedulously avoiding self-communion, we should esteem it as the arbiter of our destiny. It is a necessity of the soul, else have we misunderstood the import of the Sabbath as a Day of Rest. "*Know thyself*" is the fundamental maxim of all Culture, for a consciousness of infirmity is the beginning of strength. Retirement, thus spent, can not encourage self-esteem, much less an obtrusive egotism. Candid self-contemplation never leads to vanity or presumption. So far from nourishing selfishness and misanthropy, seasons of seclusion have inspired the greatest benefactors of our race with love for the ignorant and miserable and endowed them with efficiency to accomplish their benevolent purposes. Bud-

dha resigned a palace for a hermitage, seeking a pure religion to replace the superstitions of his realm, and Jesus often went apart for self-communion and prayer.

And yet charge me not with transforming innocent recreation into a stern disciplinarian and an unsympathizing task-master, for Leisure has its peculiar joys. In such quiet moments the unlocked casket of memory discloses rare treasures to our view; then we catch the clearest glimpses of truth; then fading hopes are re-illumined, and wounded spirits are soothed; then Fancy, like the richly tinted light of cathedral windows, shines on the common things of life, and renders them radiantly beautiful; and then Imagination, no longer fettered by earthly trifles, gazes serene upon that Celestial City, where, with our strivings for culture crowned with success, we shall be perfect beings in perfect rest.

RETROSPECTION.

How we all dream! Scarcely an hour passes that does not find us napping with our eyes open. As we walk along the street, as we sit by the fireside, at leisure moments when the fancy is free to roam, how insensibly we fall into reveries! It is interesting, by the way, to note that our dreams at such times are oftener of the past than of the future. We revive pleasant passages in our lives, we hear again the words of sympathy and love, memory carries us on its swift wings to old haunts and places dear to us in days gone by. It is comparatively seldom that our thoughts attempt to penetrate the veil that hides futurity. Perhaps this is because the mind seeking in these day-dreams recreation finds it a distasteful labor to picture the possibilities of the future; perhaps because in our swift passage through the

world, we love better to row our bark back against the current that sweeps us so steadily along, and enjoy again the sights and sounds that have delighted us before, than to seek to increase its speed, to urge it forward to the waters it must sail so soon.

One who watches with attention the phenomena of his own mind, who attempts to trace his thoughts to their origin, to account for the images that throng his brain, soon discovers that there is no more fruitful cause of these than the mysterious, pervading system of association. I speak not now of ideas that are results of study—they are like the harvest of which we ourselves have sown the seed,—but I allude to those everyday fancies, the wild-flowers of the mind which spring and blossom along the by-paths and the ways of thought. They appear in the most incomprehensible manner. A look, a tone of the voice, any trifling circumstance is sufficient to remind us of something we have seen, or heard, or thought, years, perhaps, previously. The pebble falls, but the vibrations cease not till they reach the furthest shore.

I do not know that these day-dreams are profitable; but when books have ceased to interest, and the mind seeks refreshment after toil, there is something peculiarly delightful in starting trains of association and following them in their curious courses through the past. To all, this is a source of pleasure,—a pleasure akin to that given by reading some old poem; and there is a general subjective truth in Sir Thomas Browne's words: “For my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound in common ears like a fable.” Uninteresting, perhaps, in the eyes of others, but to oneself one's own past is ever attractive; though to the outside world it seem bare and commonplace, like the trellised wall of a garden it is green and fresh and lovely to him who looks upon it from within, for all over it twine

the tendrils of early love, all over it blossom the hopes and joys of early years. Call this weakness, call it sentimentalism if you will ; you at any rate indulge in it even as others,—and must. Go to your early home, and, as you sit in your room at night, while the lamp burns dim, and the wind roars through the trees outside, resist, if you can, the associations that draw your thought backward through the years. Dispel, if you can, the memories suggested by the portraits on the walls, the old book upon the table. When the magic slide is mysteriously drawn, shut your eyes to the pictures that are flashed upon the curtain of the memory. You would not if you could. While the mysterious power arranges their sequence, you take an ever new delight in reviewing them. Why hesitate to acknowledge this ? All writers have done so by their works. The best books of fiction and sentiment are largely autobiographic and full of this feeling. We can thus account for the charm which "David Copperfield" possesses. Almost entirely the story of the author's own life, it is told with a passionate interest which all can appreciate, who, like Dickens, find this pleasure in remembering, and whose wish, like his, is, " Lord, keep my memory green." We may observe the same thing in some of Thackeray's tales. It is prominent in Byron's. Says M. Taine : " Never in the fiercest flight of his thought did he liberate himself from himself. He could not metamorphose himself into another. They are his own sorrows, his own revolts, his own travels, which, hardly transformed or modified, he introduces into his verses." Throughout imaginative literature we find the oft-recurring fact that authors have written their best works about themselves; and they have been their best works because informed with the deep emotions with which all men look upon their past lives; because they have been labors of love, and have possessed for the writer that fascination which retrospection is wont to exert.

Such, then, is retrospection ; " a dream that is not all a dream," for its incidents are real ; powerful in its influence upon the emotions, but capable of prompting not sorrowful regret alone, nor the poet's tearful words,

" O, Death in Life, the days that are no more."

but of also bringing a more joyous, hopeful frame, and the intimations of a Life triumphant over death portrayed in that other poet's lines :

" * * * Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 * * * But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day.
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence ; * * *
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,—
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I am lonely while I'm sittitg
 In my dreary, dreary room,
 With the dark of shadows fitting
 In the winter twilight's gloom.
 I am weary of this labor,
 Hunting down a hidden fame ;
 Why should I excel my neighbor ?
 What is noble in a name ?

And the flickering light is falling
 In a dim, uncertain wave ;
 And I think I hear a calling
 From the portals of the grave,
 From between each phantom letter
 On the dead, forgotten page,
 Where the thoughts of man were better
 In an older, nobler age.

Ghastly spectres now are grinning,
 Grim and gray as sheeted death,
 And my heart they would be winning
 By the whispers of their breath ;
 Whispers hoarse with dust of ages,
 Grating with the sands of time :
 Echoes of the mouldering sages
 From the Tiber's humid clime.

O'er my spirit comes a chilling,
 As these icy, clammy hands
 Bind around my soul unwilling
 White, sepulchral, freezing bands.
 Still so coldly, oh, so coldly
 Do I feel their arms embrace ;
 And so darkly, yet so boldly,
 Do they breathe upon my face.

Could one breath of love, though sorrow
 Should be all its destin'd end,
 E'en to-day or yet to-morrow,
 Come to me—au angel friend,
 I would reap the precious harvest
 In the golden sunlight's ray ;
 For still shivering thou starvest.
 Weary soul, in dark to-day.

Oh Castalia, if thou hearest
 How my soul hath yearned for thee,
 Thou wilt come to me, my dearest,
 From thy island of the sea ;—
 Where the mystic maze of ocean,
 With its wealth of silver spray,
 Renders up its deep devotion
 To the golden god of day.

But alas ! I still am sitting
In my dreary, dreary room,
With the dark of shadows fitting
In the sombre twilight's gloom ;
While the whispers of the ages
And the solemn notes of time
Echo from the mouldering sages
Of the Tiber's misty clime.

TRICOTRIX.

THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

The Crown and the People ! Whig and Tory ! Liberal and Conservative ! These words bring before our minds the whole drift of English politics for over two hundred years.

The blood of a beheaded king, the shouts of a victorious populace, and the groans of a ruined aristocracy attest the first great struggle. The thanks of an unshackled race, the votes of an enfranchised people, and the fruits of wide-spread enlightenment—these grew out of ground made rich by the blood of the second combat. The defeat of a great minister, the jeers of a drunken mob, and the triumph of worn-out dogmas are the results of the “Conservative Reaction” of 1874.

There has always been a class of persons who cling to the Past, not for “the promise which it closes,” but because of its cobwebs, because of the dust which invariably envelopes those who disturb the slumbering relies of bygone customs. They live on in dread of some adventurous hand, which, with sacrilegious grasp, may tear away the vain covering of antiquity and expose to the Present the hoarded error, blind dogmatism, and slumbering bigotry which have grown hoary with age. They resist with frantic zeal all such attempts, and regard with suspicious hatred those whom they are pleased to call *Revolutionists*. In their eyes nothing

can be so rash and hazardous as the examination into institutions made sacred by time; and a proposed change at once arouses all their latent ire, brings into play all their hidden energies. Such is the Conservative party in England to-day.

It declaims against the growth of Democratic rights, while it holds up for the support of its followers "the benevolent sway of an ancient monarchy, and the honoured leadership of an aristocratic order." It looks upon the struggles of the laboring man to raise himself to the position, to which, as the great *motor-force* in the state, he rightfully belongs, as aggressions upon the inherited privileges of "English Gentlemen;" while it gathers around its banner the decaying fortunes of Peers, and a clamoring mass of discontented publicans and beersellers.

Its principles are virtually those of the old Tory party—the party which rewarded the patriotic loyalty of the Puritans with the pillory and the prison, the branding-iron and the gallows—the party which made its cause one with the Star Chamber and Court of High Commission, with absolutism and Divine Right. But it has sunk even beneath its former greatness. "Their old knightly banner which bore the significant device of 'the Crown, the Church and the Constitution,' has been abandoned for one bearing the strange legend, 'the Bible and the Barrel.'" Opposed to it stands the Liberal party. The watchwords of the latter are "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform." It takes the laboring man by the hand, and seeks to draw him out of the ditch in which he has been so long struggling. For long years has the son of toil fought against his hard destiny. Act follows thought; and slowly but surely *they raise themselves*. The Tory view of the workingman is characteristic of the party,—"*Thus far thou shalt come, and no further.*"

But the Liberal regards him as a friend and a brother. Bending every energy, sacrificing every means, undergoing

every humiliation, they have striven to raise the Working Classes—to lighten their toils and increase their joys; to broaden their freedom and educate their minds; to remove the worn-out distinctions of birth, and take away the futile badge of an ascendancy which has been so long grinding them down and crushing out alike their liberties and their humanity. It is the party which has listened to the woes of wretched Ireland, and earnestly sought their redress; the party, which, in spite of gibes and calumnies, in the face of charges of disloyalty and want of patriotism, has steadily pointed to the example of America—America who in the strong arm of her honest yeomen brandishes an aegis for the protection of freedom and terror to the despotism of names and castes. Its whole policy has been towards progress and reform. Imbued with the spirit of the age, it has sought to eradicate those worse than useless privileges which yet hamper the growth of Democratic government in Britain. As in all great social and political movements, the leaders of the Liberal party have been guilty of some errors and not a few blunders. They have been divided into numberless sections with conflicting views; they have been rash in many of their measures, and have disregarded the wishes of important and influential persons. They have threatened prohibition to liquor dealers, disestablishment to High Churchmen; they have wounded the pride of office-seekers by reform in the Civil Service; they have aroused the hatred of publicans and artisans by kindness to the farmers; in fact they have done violence to many old and settled customs. All these unfortunate facts, collected and magnified tenfold, became the armament of the Tory squadrons in the late elections.

"Those partridge breeders of a thousand years" roused their retainers, and, appealing to the sentiment of loyalty and obedience to the distinctions of birth, they raised the euphonious cry, "Our Bibles and Our Beer."

The resentment of grocers and drapers ; of milkmen and beer-sellers ; of rich young officers and defeated Civil Service candidates—these are the men who put Gladstone out of power and brought about the great “Conservative Reaction.”

Thus the Revolutionary wave has been checked by the rotten timbers of prejudice and pride which it was fast sweeping before it. Stranded on the shoals of error, and cemented together in the mire of selfish interest and discontent, these floating spars and timbers of a ship which *has* long since gone to pieces have now repulsed the waters of the incoming tide.

The party which acknowledged as its followers the poor man and the laborer ; which took as its watchwords “National Education and National Reform ;” which held as its creed “Self-helping, self-dependent habits among the people”—has been defeated. The men who for ten years have guided England’s destinies with wise and prudent rule, who have been untiring in their labors to make England’s government

“ Broad-based upon her people’s will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea”—

these are for the time powerless. But it cannot long remain so.

“ The man without a steak for his dinner may be said to have the largest stake in the country—and these are they who will hold accountable whoever, for private ends of their own, have displaced the great Minister who cared for them politically, and incurred obloquy, and underwent unceasing labor to serve them.”

Gladstone and Bright cannot long remain inactive in English politics ; for the people at bottom recognize the fact that they are the moulders of the future destiny and progress of the Government.

They tell us Conservatism is triumphant and Disraeli rules. Be it so.

"For years—for centuries may the mummies there
Mock the warm life whose lying shape they wear,
Till Nature once more from her sleep awakes—
Till to the dust the hollow fabric shakes
Beneath your hands—avenging powers sublime !
Your heavy iron hands, **NECESSITY** and **TIME**!"

MAY, 1874.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

The dark ages were drawing to a close in Europe, and the light of truth was illuminating the horizon with its first rays. It was a critical period in the history of Roman Catholicism. Luther was undermining the influence of the church in the hearts of men. Charles the fifth was estranged from Rome. At Geneva, Calvin was defending the truth; and Henry the eighth of England, thwarted in his efforts to obtain a divorce from Catherine, declared England free front the rule of Rome and himself head of the English church, thus striking the first blow at the temporal power of the Pope.

The church was falling, and needed a supporter; the faith was assailed, and needed a champion; both were found in him, whose genius and ability reared a monument more lasting than the marble shaft or granite column, a monument that has not crumbled with the flight of centuries, but still stands in memory of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuit society.

Loyola was born in the year 1491, in the province of Navarre, in the northern part of Spain.

His early life was uneventful. Sent as a page by his parents to Ferdinand and Isabella, he was received with favor. With no guide but his good feeling and sense of

honor, he was free from the worst vices which characterized a courtier of that time. Loving glory supremely, he soon became dissatisfied with the quiet, uneventful life at court and longed for the excitement of the field of battle.

Even in the camp he preserved those good qualities which characterized his youth. He was sensitive on points of honor, but never revengeful. He thought it beneath a man of honor to harm a fallen foe, or to plunder the unfortunate. Loved by his companions, admired by his followers, and absorbed in pursuits of war and pleasure, there appears none less likely than he to become a saint of the Romish church and its champion against the reformation.

But a change takes place in his life. The French and Spanish are at war with each other. Loyola is bravely defending a town besieged by the enemy. Resolved to perish rather than succumb, he opposes the wishes of the commander to surrender, and with harsh words breaks up the council.

The enemy having effected a breach in the wall, foremost among those who wish to defend it against the advancing foe, is seen the noble form of Loyola. He falls, dangerously wounded, and is removed to his home.

In the castle of Loyola lay Ignatius, lame, sick, and suffering. His broken leg had been unskillfully set and had to be fractured again. A bone projected near the knee, and anxious to be without a blemish, with unruffled sock, he ordered it to be cut off, scoffing at the agony, enduring that without a groan, at the sight of which his servants fainted. Such was his endurance.

His leg was too short, he stretched himself on the rack to lengthen it. It was all in vain. He was hopelessly deformed. How bitter to the young courtier, the gallant soldier, were these words, hopelessly deformed. The death-knell of all his hopes. He is forever cut off from shining in chivalrous array, no more to excel in tournament and dance.

The “Lives of the Saints” was handed him to read. These legends, with their lavish wonders, while they kindled his imagination as poetry, commanded his attention as history.

As he turned each page, sparks fell thick and fast on materials so combustible as were those of his soldier’s nature. He was won by the steady purpose, the unconquerable will, the lofty contempt for all the world holds most dear, exhibited by these heroes. “Why should not I,” he exclaimed, “emulate the holy Dominic or the holy Francis?” The same enthusiasm which inspired him on the field of battle now urged him on.

But his conversion seems never to have gone beyond a midway position, and left him at a distance from the home of evangelical peace. He did not recognize the first truths of the scripture which imparted life and power to Luther as a reformer. Probably he never saw an authentic copy of the New Testament.

When thirty years of age, he consecrated himself to the christian warfare.

Despite the remonstrances of friends, he left his paternal castle, bidding farewell to home, friends, and wealth; giving up fame, pleasure, and all earthly ambition, and with iron will, biding himself to poverty, pain, self-denial, and reproach.

He tormented himself with scourgings and pointed iron chains, and to suppress all pride, assuming the garb of a mendicant, he begged from door to door. His only shelter was a cave, and for days he would not eat. A journey to the Holy Land was undertaken by him, his object being the conversion of the Mohammedans, but the command of the Pope’s Vicar at Jerusalem, that he should immediately return, dispelled the bright dreams that had sustained him during his perilous journey. Returning to Italy, he resolved to study so as to qualify himself to instruct others.

This appears to be a turning point in his life. We have now a glimpse of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits. Hitherto we have seen only Ignatius, the religious zealot, who did little but weep, see visions, and perform absurd miracles. He determined to prosecute his studies to the best advantage, and for this purpose went to Paris and attended schools of the highest order. He laid aside the chimerical idea of absolute poverty, and set out with a purse well filled. His enthusiasm no longer controlled him, but reason held greater sway. Even at this time he had the project of the Jesuit society in his mind, and resolved to choose companions.

He and his seven followers, determined to convert the Mohammedans, but were unable to reach the Holy Land. Ignatius then pointed out to them, that since Palestine was denied them, their mission was to convert the whole world. Such were the limits of Loyola's ambition. But unless they were united under one head they could not hope to succeed, hence they resolved to elect a general, to be invested with power as absolute as man ever possessed, and that too for life. Loyola was unanimously elected. One night while journeying to Rome to obtain the Papal sanction to his society, a vision appeared to him. Jesus, with the Father, was present, and said, "I will be propitious to you at Rome." This it was that gave its name to the Society of Jesus.

The society grew rapidly in size and importance, its members were sought after by kings and others high in authority. Places of honor and profit were offered them but almost always refused. As missionaries they went to the most distant parts of the earth. Ethiopia and Egypt received the Romish religion, America was visited, and Lavier carried on his great work in India. Houses of the order of Jesus had, within a few years, been founded in Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Italy, Sicily and India.

Within a few years after its foundation, the general held in his hands the wires of a machine, moving with little friction, no noise, and which stretched over the entire domain of Romanism,—a machine, new in its contrivances, close in its fitting, nowhere worn, and kept in motion by a single mind.

Loyola's utmost ambition was realized. His power over the spirits of men was rapidly surpassing and supplanting that of the head of the church. Loyola was an earnest man, though narrow, fanciful, and fanatical. Not one of commanding intellect, but of untiring energy and dauntless courage, a man with one aim, that of a complete domination over the spirits of men. He brought into perfection a system by which he forged hundreds of individuals into one mass, so that the volitions of a single mind should pass like galvanic currents through the whole.

In Loyola's life we see as it were two periods, with two types of mind. A Spanish gentleman of bold bearing, and one who courts chivalrous distinction, is grievously wounded and thrown on his bed. Spoiled for war and pleasure, and fired by a new desire, he breaks from his home and sets out to amaze the world by feats of wild humility. He undergoes mental paroxysms and sees visions. Dedicating himself to the Virgin, he undertakes the conversion of the infidel world, and condemns all prudence and common sense. In the course of a year or two, he has merited canonization, if frenzied piety can ever merit it.

But now this same devotee, this enthusiast, changes his plan of life. His ambition that slumbered wakes to new life. Though turned from the field of battle to the warfare of the church, yet the desire is the same as in youth.

He would rule. He would become powerful. All his life as an ascetic, as a mendicant wandering over Europe, could not quench this desire. Strong as ever it rages in his breast. He establishes a government and he is its ruler.

It becomes an immense realm, and he has more power than many a king. His life's object is gained. He is a general, though not such a one as he had hoped to be. His ambition is gratified, though not in the way he had first sought.

Then the enthusiast prepared himself to die. He had lived to see the success of his undertaking. His end was fast approaching. It was scarce sunrise. The color had left his lips, his pulse just moved, but his eye was calm. His followers kneel weeping by his bedside. They mark the life slowly ebbing away. They bend closer to hear his last words. One word those weak lips fashioned; it echoed faintly through the room; it was the name of his great captain, whom he was soon to see, "Jesus." Loyola was dead.

AN ALBUM LEAF.

I cannot o'er thy pathway fling
A fadeless bed of flowers,
Nor make thy life to thee all spring.
Nor sunny all thine hours;
But I amid these gems would sow
The seed of gentle thought,
And hope that in your heart may grow
One sweet forget-me-not.

H.

Voice of the Students.

[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

MANAGEMENT OF THE LIT.

During the last year the LIT. has undergone a change in its size and editorial management. Of course it was not supposed by those who brought this about that the new system would be in all respects perfect. Their purpose was to make the LIT. accomplish more fully what they believed to be its object; the method was necessarily provisional, and it seems capable of improvement.

The disadvantages attending its present management are obvious. It is very seldom that in one class can be found ten men fitted by natural abilities and culture to make first-class editors. As an immediate result of this we find that the magazine varies in merit in different numbers according to the fitness or unfitness of its two editors: while as a result of the untrammelled authority possessed by them, it can pursue no consistent course toward any of its exchanges—one number harshly criticizing while the next may laud—nor maintain any uniform stand on any question; and, what is most unfortunate, personalities, &c., may be indulged in contrary to the desire of the “board” as a whole.

In view of these facts it seems desirable that the class next to succeed to the editorship should consider the propriety of adopting some other general plan, and, without desiring to decide for them, I would briefly indicate the system which has always seemed to me the most advisable. Divide the magazine into departments, and appoint over each an editor who shall submit his articles, contributed or original, to the whole board for their approval. In this way fewer editors will be needed—and hence their average ability should be greater, uniformity and consistency will be secured, and the editorial staff can be held *responsible* for any personalities that may disgrace the LIT. The editors themselves will not be obliged to work more than under the present regime. The duties of each though devolving upon him at every issue would not, I believe, be as laborious as at present.

In regard, also, to the number of issues, there seems room for improvement. Eight a year would be quite sufficient and certainly much less expensive, and in consideration of the number of prizes offered by the college and the societies, it were an actual benefit to the reputation of the institution of which we are members to thus lessen the number offered by the NASSAU LIT. by even one.

SIMON.

CLASS RACES.

Boating having now obtained a permanent position in Princeton, it only remains for the college to support it *pecuniarily*, and to furnish strong material for the crews. The task of doing the former has this year been in a great measure removed by the liberality of friends outside. The burden of the latter will continue to fall annually upon the college, and in no way can crews be better supplied than by the inauguration and continuance of class-races.

The plan which has been suggested is essentially as follows. Each one of the four classes should form of itself a rowing association, on the same plan as the university, electing a president, treasurer, captain, &c. The crew might then be chosen by the captain and subjected to a regular course of training. From each of these class-crews the "university" men for that year should be excluded so as to prevent any interference in the two interests. Each class by bearing its own expenses would then be prepared for a plan such as has been proposed.

Sometime in the coming Spring, about the middle of May, for example, a course might be selected on the Raritan River at New Brunswick. The Raritan is better than the Delaware for many reasons. There is less current there, and a straighter course, and it is nearer New York and Newark, which is a great *desideratum*. Six-oared races might at first be rowed, afterwards supplemented by single-scull and pair oared races.

There seems to be no good reason why the preparations necessary should not at once be begun. The movement will certainly meet with acceptance among our friends in New York and in the New Jersey towns. Such races have always been successful at other colleges. Of course many difficulties will at once suggest themselves, serious, but by no means insurmountable; and the increasing excellence at the oar and in our reputation as an athletic college will more than counterbalance any inconvenience or expense. It is well known by all who have ever visited Princeton for any length of time, how much the superiority of our University nines from year to year has depended on the activity of the class nines and the scrub nines in the college. Base ball becomes a kind of furore during the season. Such an activity we should be glad to see in boating.

A sure and steady supply for the University crew will be furnished if attention be paid to crews in the classes,

and such attention will surely be wanting if it be not employed with some end in view, such as a regatta. While therefore such difficulties as the want of boats and oars should not be overlooked, they should by no means discourage us. There are now three six-oared shells which will, if necessary, be placed at the disposal of the several classes and but one more would have to be bought for a remaining class. The boating men in each class should attend at once to this matter and co-operate in order to bring about the necessary arrangements. An executive or regatta-committee might be appointed from the several classes to arrange the preliminaries and ensure the success of the enterprise.

Editorial.

IT IS a cause for congratulation to Faculty as well as students that the chair of English Literature is to be filled by a man of Dr. Murray's attainments. We hear commendation from all sides, and believe that this important branch of the curriculum will be ably conducted.

It seems to us that the difficulty which has characterized former methods of instruction in this department has been the tendency to dwell on particularities to the exclusion of a general view of the subject. The student looks for a comprehensive treatment. A thorough instruction in rhetorical art and a broad view of English Literature are manifestly the requirements of this chair. But the former is supplied to a large extent in the Halls: the latter is the more important of the two in the professorship, and cannot be obtained from lectures dealing with the more minute parts of Shakespeare's biography, the characters of Shakespeare's plays, or recitations in the Fairy Queen. It rests upon a more philosophic basis. English Literature does not have its alpha and omega in Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, but embraces almost four centuries of poetry and of prose. To open the many grand avenues of this Literature, to observe the causes and effects of literary growth and decay, to teach not only *what* has been written, but *why* it has been written,—such are the ends which the department of English in a college is, in our opinion, designed to fulfil.

THE HARTFORD ROWING CONVENTION, which met during the past month, was the most important which the American Colleges have as yet attended. There were great practical interests at stake. The number of delegates convened was large. The interest of the whole country had been excited, as was testified by the number of reporters present.

The question which awakened the most general interest was probably the choice of a course. Saratoga was more popular than New London in the Middle States and in New England; while many desired to see Connecticut favored, many also looked wistfully toward the future pleasures of Saratoga, remembering those which were past. The New London people deserve praise for their efforts and generous proposals. The Saratoga people should remember that in helping the Colleges they do themselves a great good, and that no demand can be made upon them without meriting their attention, if not compliance. If the charges be not extortionate, if the course be smooth, if the hotel keepers be obliging, the accommodations for the crews sufficient, and the means of transportation to and from the Lake, within the reach of all, no complaint can be made.

The much discussed Coxswain question stands probably next in importance in the unprejudiced and unprofessional mind. Its fate is told on another page. We are not in a position to criticise the justice of the issue which condemned coxswains in the University race, nor the singular change in the sentiments of certain delegates present. The buoying of the courses is an important addition; with coxswains all intentional fouling would have been impossible, without them there still remains a chance of some excited "bow" steering from between his buoys and forfeiting the race. Our bow oar, whoever he may be, should therefore claim the special attention of the captain; for without successful steering, muscle and training are in vain.

Princeton was fortunate enough to receive an appointment upon the Regatta Committee with Wesleyan and

Yale. Mr. Drayton of '73, who was chosen, is well known by the two upper classes in College. There can be no doubt of his independence and efficiency, and we believe he will give complete satisfaction.

The Racing Rules for 1875 we publish on another page. They are brief and concise, but comprehensive.

The Convention was characterized throughout by an unusual harmony of feeling, with a few exceptions which being past and irremediable should be forgotten. We look for a fair and an exciting race in July.

WE OFTEN hear the conduct of the students in Chapel reprobated and wondered at. Of course we would not attempt to defend such disorder—we honestly and earnestly condemn it—but it does seem that the discontent manifested is at least explicable. When many other institutions have, with no evil effects, made chapel exercises voluntary; when every student feels that the morning and evening devotions are utterly wanting in devotional spirit, and that, like most hollow shams, they are productive of evil rather than of good; is it a matter of surprise that he becomes careless, thoughtless, irreverent, and regards with dislike services, which, if fewer in number even, might be made agreeable and impressive? There is just one other thing which perhaps occurs to the student as he sits some winter morning shivering on the uncushioned benches of the Chapel of the College of New Jersey,—the Faculty do not attend. Whatever *he* thinks about morning chapel, *they* seem quite unanimous in the opinion that it is a disagreeable bore. Perhaps that empty form on the chapel stage does more to cause dissatisfaction than all the other empty forms associated with college devotions.

IT HAS BEEN to us a source of great amusement and some surprise to observe the different attitudes of our different exchanges toward the late Inter-collegiate Literary Contest. Some have spoken of the whole scheme in terms of unmixed contempt; others have indulged in cheerful little sarcasms and snarling personalities: others, still, have adopted an apologetic strain; while we might mention some whose colleges were represented upon the Academy stage, yet who have had the lack of delicacy to harshly criticize particular orations—always those of the representatives of other colleges.

Why this hostility should exist in some cases, it is not altogether difficult to understand. We have known individuals to whom the fact that they had not participated in its inception was a sufficient reason for frowning upon any new undertaking. The same might be true of a college. But we must acknowledge ourselves surprised at the asperity of the comments of certain daily papers and certain college periodicals. We know as well as they, that the average undergraduate is not learned, that he has no very profound original ideas on any topic. We never anticipated that a college-man's ten-minute speech would hold a vast audience spell-bound. Nor was such an exhibition of power the design of the contest. Collegiate or inter-collegiate contests in oratory and essay-writing we have always regarded as simply incentives to thought and to the acquisition of ease of *delivery* and elegance and perspicuity of *style*. Ability to speak and write well is the end and aim of the rhetorical training which every college provides, and it seems inconsistent that any college paper should ridicule a general contest in accomplishments universally deemed desirable, and in which its own editors are perhaps proud to excel their fellows. In a contest of the kind lately witnessed in New York, what is there more essentially "absurd" than in these numerous literary tournaments which are en-

couraged by every institution for liberal culture? If the latter be considered productive of good, why not the former?

Of course we do not claim for this contest the high standard it might attain; we need not to be informed of its deficiencies; we merely assert that it might be made a power for good, by creating among undergraduates a more general interest in literary matters, by inciting them to the acquisition of the graces of elocution and the charms of style, which is all they can hope as young men to attain in the literary line.

The whole system seems indeed capable of improvement, and a great step was taken by the institution of Competitive examinations in scholarship. The Inter-collegiate Contest is beginning to take its right position. Perchance that National University scheme may some day find its realization, in another form, in these same general prize competitions.

WE WISH to call the attention of students and town-people to the fact that the Students' Lecture Association is financially embarrassed to a serious extent. It should be recollected that its energy and enterprise have for three years provided instructive and entertaining courses of lectures, but that, if not properly supported, the association can not continue. Its dissolution would involve a loss of much pleasure and benefit to all, and it is to be hoped, that, in view of the public services which it has rendered, it may receive the needed encouragement. For it to meet its obligations, a full house at every entertainment for the rest of the year will be needed. We urge you to come.

This is not a boon;

'Tis as we should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm.
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person.

Olla-podrida.

THE INTER COLLEGIATE CONTEST.—As announced, the Inter-Collegiate Literary contest took place on the evening of Jan. 7th. In merit it fully came up to our expectations, in the enthusiasm which it elicited it transcended them. We had anticipated rather a sleepy entertainment and a sleepy audience, and it was with careful deliberation that we acknowledged ourselves agreeably disappointed. As those of us who had to go some distance will remember, the night was tempestuous; yet a large and brilliant audience were assembled by eight o'clock. The scene from the stage was magnificent. Curving lines of heads, some glorious with triumphs of millinery, lay below; and, above, the galleries bloomed with the flower of New York's chivalry and beauty. College colors suggested a certain summer contest, and when the hand struck up the eternal "Fille de Madame Angot" it was not difficult to imagine oneself again in Saratoga. The exercises were opened by Dr. John Hall, who, after a few remarks, introduced the orators in the following order :

PROGRAMME.

ORATORY.

- Rutgers.—John H. Salisbury, "Necessity for Independent Thought."
- Lafayette.—Forest Hulings, "The Brotherhood of Man in America."
- Williams.—Charles B. Hubbell, "The Good King of the North."
- Williams.—Walter D. Edmonds, "The St. Simon Stylites of To-day."
- University of the City of New York.—B. G. Cooke, "Men of Strength."
- Rutgers.—James Kemlo, "Charles Sumner."
- University of City of New York.—John C. Tomlinson, "The Cid."
- Princeton.—Walter D. Nicholas, "Michael Angelo."
- Lafayette.—N. H. Larzeleor, "The Truest Statesman."
- Cornell.—James F. Cluck, "The Grecian and the Gothic Architecture as Exponents of the Religious Sentiment."
- Princeton.—Samuel M. Miller, "Free Thought."

ESSAYS.

- Cornell.—Henry V., by "Cornell." Clowns of Shakespeare by "A Student of Shakespeare."

Lafayette.—*Othello*, by "A."

Princeton.—Utilitarian Theory of Morals, by "Calidore."

University of the City of New York.—Utilitarian Theory of Morals, by "Cleo-mont." Utilitarian Theory of Morals, by "Patalphia."

Williams.—*Machbeth*, by "W. W. W." *Timon of Athens*, by "B. K."

It is out of taste for us to criticize freely the evening's orations. It is also unnecessary. The *N. Y. Herald* has made so free with them that any further attempt in that direction is superfluous. Perhaps also we shrink from indulging in a critique which might be recognized as resembling the *Herald's*. The style and spirit are easily imitated, but for one retaining any gentlemanly courtesy they are difficult to originate. Let the *Herald* retain its well-earned distinction. And let us be thankful that its opinions were unique, that no other journal made its liberty a cloak for maliceousness.

The prizes were awarded in the following manner:

1st Prize in Oratory—J. C. Tomlinson.

2nd Prize in Oratory—W. D. Edmonds.

1st Prize Essay on Utilitarian Theory of Morals, A. Marquand, Princeton.

Honorable mention—W. R. Thomson, University of the City of New York.

1st Prize Essay on Shakesperian subject—Geo. H. Fitch, Cornell.

Honorable mention—Jas. F. Cluck, Cornell.

THE ALUMNI ALCOVE.—The preservation of the products of early American Literature is beginning to command the attention of all cultivated men. One of the alumni of Princeton, assisted by Mr. Vinton the librarian, has been devoting much careful labor to this branch of bibliography, by collecting all the publications of the early Princeton graduates and placing them in a separate alcove of the Library. The collection will embrace not only the works of all the early graduates, but also those of the Presidents, Professors and Trustees of the College since its foundation. These publications include everything from the largest volume to the smallest pamphlet; some of these are rare and interesting, many intrinsically valueless, but with almost all there are interesting associations.

Among the works of the Presidents is one of which the number of copies is very limited entitled, "The New American Latin Grammar" formed from the most approved writings in this kind, by the late Presidents Burr, Finley and others. New York, 1784. Besides the distinguished authors this little book is interesting as the first Latin Grammar published in New York.

Perhaps the most novel and interesting publication in the alcove is a sermon printed in a pamphlet form by President Witherspoon, entitled, "Seasonable Advice to Young Persons," which involved him in some difficulty prior to his departure from Scotland, almost preventing his coming to America. The circumstances which caused its publication were as follows. It appears that on the evening preceding the celebration of the Eucharist, some young men of the best families in Paisly, the town where the Doctor

resided met together in the church in drunken revelry and blasphemously performed the celebration of the sacrament. Shocked at this sacrilegious proceeding, Dr. Witherspoon two weeks afterward, preached and published the sermon alluded to, prefacing it with a few remarks in which he gives the names of some of the offenders. For this he was sued for defamation of character and having been found guilty was sentenced to a heavy fine. He was unable to meet the expense and had it not been for the assistance of certain of his friends he would have been unable to sail for America.

The publications of Hugh Henry Brackenridge of the class of 1771 are noteworthy. He wrote a poem entitled "Bunker Hill" dedicated to the first Richard Stockton and printed at Philadelphia in 1776. It is one of the rarest of American poems. His publications in various magazines and journals have been collected and are in the alcove.

Philip Freneau, a distinguished classmate of Brackenridge, is also represented in the collection, by his "Poems" printed at Middletown Point, N. J., 1787, and the very rare original edition of Slender's "Journey from Philadelphia to New York, 1787."

Among works by others in this class is a pamphlet containing an "Oration on the Death of Washington," by Frederick Frelinghuysen, a General in the Revolutionary Army and grandfather of Senator Frelinghuysen from this State.

Such an undertaking as this collection cannot but be of interest to the antiquary as well as to the friends and students of Princeton. To have in safe-keeping the works of early graduates seems like having a quantitative expression of the fruits of a collegiate training, and if the collection be increased and each graduate as he becomes an author make his tribute to his Alma Mater, we shall soon have before us a Princeton literature which will surely be an honor to the college—a literature not confined to Orthodox Theology, but telling a tale of bravery in war and ardent patriotism.

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.—*Morning Session.*—The delegates to the Rowing Convention assembled in the parlors of the Allyn House, Hartford, on Wednesday, January 13th, at 10 A. M. The following colleges were represented:

- Columbia—J. K. Rees, E. L. Rapallo.
- Cornell—A. M. Ensign, C. Harrison.
- Dartmouth—S. B. Wiggin, J. Foster.
- Harvard—H. S. Van Duzer, S. D. Warren.
- Princeton—A. Alexander, B. Nicoll.
- Trinity—J. Buffington, W. J. Roberts.
- Williams—F. Johnson, C. Gilbert.
- Wesleyan—W. H. Down, H. C. Hermans.
- Yale—C. H. Ferry, R. J. Cook.

After accepting the minutes of the last meeting and the report of the Treasurer, Mr. Gunster of Williams, applications were received from the following colleges for admission to the association:

- Amherst, Brown, Hamilton, Rutgers, Union.

It was then moved and carried that Amherst and Brown having formerly been connected with the Association should be again admitted. Messrs. R. M. Smith and G. W. Clark of Amherst were then received and also Messrs. S. J. Woodbury and F. Lawton of Brown. The Association decided that the two last named colleges were entitled to a voice but not to a vote in the proceedings of the convention. Brown's claim to a vote was subsequently admitted because of her failure in some way to receive a notice of last year's convention. Amherst presented a similar claim which was refused after a brisk debate between the Amherst delegates on the one side and the delegates from Columbia, Princeton and Yale on the other.

The petition of Union for admittance was next taken up and rejected, the vote standing,

YEAS—Columbia, Cornell, Brown, Wesleyan.

NAYS—Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Yale.

The Vote on Hamilton College stood,

YEAS—Columbia, Williams.

NAYS—Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Wesleyan, Yale.

On the admission of Rutgers, the vote stood, Columbia, Princeton, Wesleyan, in the affirmative, all the others voting against their admission.

Mr. R. H. Dana of Harvard who presided in the absence of Mr. Southard of Cornell, next appointed a Committee on Nominations consisting of Messrs. Van Duzer of Harvard, Wiggin of Dartmouth and Hermans of Wesleyan. After the Committee had retired, the privileges of the floor were extended to Mr. Ferguson, President of the Schuylkill Navy, who proposed to the convention that the Regatta of 1876 should be held at Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition. Crews he said were expected from all parts of Europe, among them the Oxford and Cambridge "Universities." He promised handsome and expensive prizes, together with gold medals to the winning crew and a bronze one for every oarsman in the race.

The convention responded to the offers of the delegation with a vote of thanks.

The Committee on Nominations returned with the following ticket:

President—W. J. Roberts of Trinity.

Vice President—E. L. Rapallo of Columbia.

Secretary—B. Nicoll of Princeton.

Treasurer—J. Foster of Dartmouth.

The delegate from Princeton declining the nomination, the place was filled by Mr. Ensign of Cornell. The whole ticket recommended was then elected.

At 12:30 o'clock the convention adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

Afternoon Session.—On assembling in the afternoon, a motion was made by Princeton, to reconsider the vote by which Union had been rejected, inasmuch as it had presented satisfactory claims for admission, was largely

interested in boating, and stood as the last representative college of the Middle States.

The motion being seconded by Harvard, was carried, Union was then admitted, Dartmouth, Trinity and Yale alone opposing.

Some delegate then advocated the reconsideration of the vote of Hamilton and this being accomplished, Hamilton was also admitted, the vote being a tie until a Trinity delegate changed his vote. The delegates from Union received were F. H. Harris and V. B. Brückelman.

Mr. Ferry from Yale then proposed a number of amendments to the racing rules, consisting chiefly of additions from the American Laws. Some important rules regarding the start, and fouling, were adopted.

It was decided that the Annual Regatta should be held on July 14th, 1875. The hour of the race was referred to the Regatta Committee.

The floor was then granted to the delegations from New London and Saratoga. The proposals of the former first came up.

Mayor Waller of New London first introduced the claims of that city to the association. He was followed by Judge Tibbets who read papers containing the facts and proposals of the people of New London. He argued in favor of the smoothness and depth of the Thames course, stated that the facilities for spectators were unequalled, that the position of New London is accessible and that accommodations could be furnished for more than 20,000 people, and concluded by saying that they were willing to accede to any requirements the colleges saw fit to impose. Mayor Waller added that the New Londoners would buoy the course or if necessary "build a fence between the course of each boat."

Mr. Judson, editor of the *Saratogian*, next introduced Mr. Ames the President of the Saratoga Rowing Association who in turn spoke in favor of Saratoga as a place for the Regatta, promising to do all that the colleges should demand, even to building a railroad between the town and the lake.

The convention then went into a committee of the whole, Mr. Rapallo of Columbia, in the chair. This committee met in secret session with closed doors and on returning reported as follows:—

"The committee of the whole recommend that the rowing association of American colleges do agree to accept Saratoga lake as the Regatta ground for 1875, provided that the Saratoga rowing association agree to the conditions which the regatta committee of said rowing association of American colleges shall impose with bonds of forfeiture on the part of said Saratoga rowing association for the proper fulfillment of said conditions, and that the regatta committee of the college association be empowered by the association to take action in the matter; said committee to report at the annual convention of the association on the first Wednesday of April."

This report was unanimously accepted. The convention then adjourned until 7:30 in the evening.

Evening Session.—Mr. Ferry of Yale, moved that the course of each boat be buoyed off, the buoys being 100 feet wide-apart and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile apart in parallel lines.

This was amended by Mr. Van Duzer of Harvard to read:
Resolved, That the next race be rowed with coxswains.

The amendment after being debated by Messrs. Gunster of Williams, and Warren of Harvard, in the affirmative, and by Messrs. Ferry and Cook of Yale, in the negative, was carried.

Cornell, Dartmouth, Wesleyan and Yale, alone voted in the negative. The motion was again made by Mr. Ferry as to the buoying of the course of each boat. This was carried by a vote of 9 to 2—Columbia and Harvard.

It was then moved by Yale that the racing with coxswains be made optional. Mr. Cook of Yale, argued that as it had been claimed that boats could make as good time with coxswain as without, he advocated this resolution. He was opposed by Messrs. Van Duzer of Harvard and Alexander of Princeton. The resolution was however carried, by a vote of 5 to 5, the President from Trinity voting in the affirmative, contrary to the vote of his colleague and Columbia changing to the side of Yale. It was decided that each college should appoint a single judge for the Regatta, also that the assessments, \$25 for each college, should be used to defray expenses of flags for the Freshman, Single scull and University races.

The Association also decided that two witnesses should be appointed, non-graduates, to aid and supplement the judges at the finish.

The election of Regatta-Committee next came up. After some preliminary as to the mode of election, voting by ballot was agreed upon.

Each college named a candidate as follows: Brown, C. C. Luther of '71; Columbia, J. K. Rees of '72; Cornell, J. H. Southard of '74; Dartmouth, F. A. Thayer of '73; Harvard, G. F. Roberts of 71; Princeton, J. C. Drayton of '73; Trinity, G. C. Burgwin of '72; Wesleyan, J. E. Eustis of '74; Williams, P. C. Chandler of '72; Yale, C. H. Ferry of '72.

After a close and interesting election, the following committee was chosen:
J. Coleman Drayton of '73, Princeton,
J. E. Eustis of '74, Wesleyan,
C. H. Ferry of '72, Yale.

Several minor resolutions were then passed as to the numbering of the boats, &c.

The single scull race was placed under the general rules of the Association.

The convention was well conducted, and presided over successfully by Mr. Roberts of Trinity, who with one or two exceptions was sensible and prompt to act justly.

The Association adjourned to meet on Wednesday, April 7th, at the Massasoit House in Springfield, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time important matters will come up relating to the amendment of the constitution and election of the judges.

The following are the racing rules, as amended Jan. 13, 1875:

I. All races shall be started in the following manner: The starter shall ask the question, "Are you ready?" and receiving no reply, after waiting at least five seconds, shall give the signal to start, which shall be the word "Go."

II. If the starter considers the start unfair, he shall at once recall the boats to their stations; and any boat refusing to start again shall be ruled out of the race.

III. Any boat not at its post at the time specified shall be liable to be disqualified by the referee.

IV. A start shall be considered unfair if, during the first ten strokes, any of the competing boats shall be disabled by the breaking of an oar, or any other accident.

V. Each boat shall keep its own water throughout the race, and any boat departing from its own water will do so at its peril.

VI. A boat's own water is its straight course, parallel with those of the other competing boats, from the station assigned to it at starting to the finish.

VII. The referee shall be sole judge of a boat's own water and proper course during the race.

VIII. No fouling whatever shall be allowed.

IX. It is the province of the referee, when appealed to—but not before—to decide a foul; and the boat decided by him to have fouled shall be ruled out of the race.

X. In case of a foul, the referee, if appealed to during the race, shall direct the non-fouled boat to row on, which shall, in every case, row over the remainder of the course in order to claim the race.

XI. It shall be considered a foul when, after the race has commenced, any competitor, by his own oar, boat, or person, comes into contact with the oar, boat, or person of another competitor, unless, in the opinion of the referee, such contact is so slight as not to influence the race.

XII. If, in any race in which more than two boats start, a foul takes place, and the boat adjudged by the referee to have been fouled reaches the winning point ahead of all the other crews, the race shall be decided as the boats come in, disqualifying the boat committing the foul; but in case the boat fouled does not come in ahead of all the other crews, the race shall be rowed over again between the boat decided to have been fouled and all the other boats which came in ahead of the fouled boat, or in case the referee is unable to decide which boat has committed the foul the race shall be rowed over by all the boats, unless in either of the last two cases the referee shall decide that the boat which came in first had sufficient lead at the moment of the foul to warrant the race being assigned to it. If the facts as decided by the referee be such that the race must be rowed over in part or in whole, according to this rule, the Regatta Committee must retain the flags until the race is rowed over and the winner thus decided.

XIII. A claim of foul, which must be entered by the Captain of the crew

considering itself fouled, and not by any one in his behalf, must be made to the referee previously to the crew fouled getting out of their boat.

XIV. Every boat shall abide by its accidents, but not such accidents as are directly caused by another crew.

XV. In the event of a dead heat takin place, the same crews shall contend again, or the crew or crews refusing shall be adjudged to have lost the race.

XVI. No boat shall be allowed to accompany a competitor for the purpose of directing his course or affording him other assistance. The boat receiving such direction or assistance shall be disqualified at the discretion of the referee.

XVII. The jurisdiction of the referee extends over the race and all matters connected with it, from the time the race is specified to start until its final termination, and his decision in all cases shall be final and without appeal.

XVIII. Any competitor refusing to abide by the decision, or to follow the directions of the referee, shall be disqualified.

XIX. Boats shall be started by their sterns, and shall have completed their course when the bows reach the finish.

XX. The referee, if he thinks proper, may reserve his decision, provided that in every case such decision be given on the day of the race.

THE LITERARY CONVENTION.—On January 8th, the second annual convention of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association was held in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City. Delegates from ten colleges were present, as follows: Hamilton, Cornell, Syracuse University, Rutgers, Union, Williams, Lafayette, University of the City of New York, College of the City of New York, and Princeton.

The main business before the Association was to consider the report of the Standing Committee, which, in addition to the contest in oratory, provides for a competitive examination in the Classics and in Mathematics.

An attempt was made on the part of the Princeton delegates to substitute the department of Mental Science for that of Mathematics, but the amendment failed to meet the approval of the convention—not however as stated in a leading New York paper, with only the vote of Princeton in its favor. It was upon a question subsequent to this that Princeton stood alone. The following resolutions were then adopted upon receiving the report:

Resolved, That the Standing Committee shall arrange for competitive examinations in two departments only.

Resolved, That the Standing Committee shall arrange for a competitive examination in Greek, according to the following rules:

I. Three judges shall be chosen by the Standing Committee from men of literary eminence, and who shall not be professors nor officers of any institution represented in the contest, who shall examine the contestants and shall make awards of honor to the most successful competitors.

II. In the classics the examination shall be based upon one Greek play to be announced as early as possible by the examiners; that the contestants be required to translate at sight from some Greek author into English, and from some English author into Greek.

Resolved. That the Standing Committee shall arrange for a competitive examination in Mathematics according to the following rules:

I. Three judges shall be chosen by the Standing Committee from men of literary eminence, and who shall not be professors nor officers of any institution represented in the contest, who shall examine the contestants, and shall make awards to the two most successful competitors.

II. The examination in Mathematics shall be in Analytical Geometry.

The following resolution was also passed:

Resolved, That a Special Committee of five be appointed to invite the co-operation of a board of gentlemen, not members of the association, in raising an inter-collegiate fellowship fund.

In accordance with this resolution the Standing Committee of last year were retained as members of this Special Committee.

The Committee on Nominations then presented the following report which was adopted:

Pres., L. Kargé, of Princeton; Vice Pres., J. M. Elliot, of Hamilton; Sec., James Kemlo, of Rutgers; Treas., J. S. Auerbach, of the University of the City of New York; Standing Committee, J. H. Polhemus, of Williams, Chairman, D. B. Jones, of Princeton, W. A. Wood, of Syracuse, E. B. Cobb, of Hamilton, T. Weed, of Union, J. C. Tomlinson, of the University of the City of New York, P. H. Miliiken, of Rutgers, N. H. Larzellee of Lafayette, and George H. Fitch, of Cornell.

Mr. Kargé in a few well chosen sentences expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and suggested that an appropriate acknowledgement be made of the gifts of Mrs. J. J. Astor and Dwight H. Olmsted, as well as of the special service rendered to the Association by Whitelaw Reid, through the columns of the *Tribune*.

The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are due to the Committee on Oratory, William Cullen Bryant, Whitelaw Reid and Geo. Wm. Curtis; also to the Committee on Essays, Col. T. W. Higginson, James T. Fields and Richard Grant White, for the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their duties; also, that the thanks of the Association are especially due to Mrs. J. J. Astor and Dwight H. Olmsted for their generous aid and sympathy. *

The Special Committee appointed above to invite co-operation in raising an inter-collegiate fellowship fund, recommended the establishment of an Advisory Board of three members without regard to particular college graduation—and in accordance with this suggestion, Messrs. Whitelaw Reed, Col. T. W. Higginson and W. Wynderse, of Williams '71 were appointed to act in this capacity.

It was then decided that the same rules governing the contest in oratory as to the number of representatives be applicable in the competitive examinations—that if eight colleges or less enter the examinations each college shall be entitled to two representatives in each of the departments—but if there be more than eight colleges then the number in each department must be restricted to one from each college to be selected as such college may deem proper.

The time of the next contest was then fixed at Jan. 4, 1876, to be held in New York City—and the meeting of the next Convention was arranged for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the day succeeding the contest.

The Treasurer although unable to make a full report so soon after the contest, yet could certainly assure the Association of more than six hundred dollars above all expenses for the past year. Since the adjournment of the convention, Mrs. J. Taylor Johnson of New York City has generously contributed five hundred dollars, to be distributed in prizes at the discretion of the Association.

We cannot but feel the success of this tentative scheme which was a year ago denounced by some, ridiculed by others and anxiously watched by all has surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine supporters.

It will be seen from the above resolutions that it remains for our college to determine in what way its representative men shall be chosen. The method of selecting competing orators by the suffrages of his fellows has some valid objections, as the personal attachments of friendship often determine a man's vote. It is obvious that the selection of a representative, either in the department of Classics or Mathematics should not be placed upon this precarious basis. It should, we think, be the result of competition in a special examination arranged by the professors in their respective departments. The selection should be made by a committee, say of three, one of whom shall be the professor in that department.

We would further suggest that the preliminary contest in oratory be held if possible, before the close of the college year as was done in most of the other colleges. It is very inconvenient and it is very unjust to require graduates to reappear in Princeton for this contest sometimes at their own expense and from distances. The impracticability of a Fall contest so far as securing the attendance of members of the graduating class is concerned was clearly seen in the experience of last year: only two of the six candidates were present. It is to be hoped that this business may receive the prompt attention of the students, and that a meeting may be called at an early day to complete the necessary arrangements for next year.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.—The Lecture Association announces a concert by our Glee Club, to be given sometime in the last week of Feb. The club has only been in existence one year, but in this short time, having given a number of concerts, has shown that Princeton can produce good singers as well as good ball players. Then is the old saying, that a prophet is not without honor

save in his own country. This may be true of prophets, but we feel confident that it is not true of singers, and that the Glee Club will meet with as hearty a reception at home as has always been received elsewhere. They have been making special preparations for this concert and their programme will include well prepared glees and college songs, many of which have never been delivered in Princeton. Let all come, knowing that they will be fully repaid by the evening's entertainment. Mr. C. Claflin Allen will superintend the performance.

CLASS-DAY ELECTIONS.—The class of '75 held a meeting on Monday, Jan. 24, John Calvin Rayburn in the chair to make appointments for Class Day. The committee on Memorial reported after which the following elections were made:

Master of Ceremonies—J. H. Pennewill, Del.

Class Orator—L. Karge, N. J.

Class President—G. A. Endlich, Pa.

Memorial Orator—J. C. Coyle, N. Y.

Presentation Orator—A. Alexander, N. Y.

Editors of the "Nassau Herald"—P. A. Reece, Ohio; W. C. Johnson, Md.; H. A. McLean, Ill.

Class-Day Committee—T. W. Harvey, N. J.; C. Scribner, N. Y.; W. P. Cummins, Del.; J. C. Rayburn, Pa.; C. W. Cass, N. Y.; S. B. Hutchinson, N. J.; C. M. Fleming, Pa.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB held its semi-annual meeting in the Philadelphia Rooms on Saturday, January 16th, at 12 o'clock. After the reading of the minutes, the report of the delegates to the Hartford Convention was accepted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing half-year.

President—A. Alexander '75.

Vice President—B. Hall '75.

Secretary—F. H. Markoe '76.

Treasurer—W. A. Butler '76.

The following are the names of those training for the University Crew of 1875:

'75, Messrs. F. Biddle, Cross, B. Hall, R. J. Hall, Ten Eyck.

'76, Messrs. Bonner, Markoe, Parmly, Van Lennep and Lou. Walker.

'77, Messrs. J. Campbell, Ely and Nicoll.

They are now in a regular course of exercise in the Gymnasium, rowing on the improved weights, with attention to the parallel bars. A new barge has been ordered for the University Crew, at Thomas Fearon's establishment in Yonkers. The Freshman Crew are also doing well in their training.

BILLIARDS.—To most of us those billiard tables were a delightful surprise, both as a pledge of future pleasure and as an evidence that the Trustees and Faculty were beginning to regard in a more liberal light games innocent in themselves and harmful only in their misuse. It is very encouraging to find that Presbyterianism and billiards are not of necessity antagonistic.

We hope soon to see the same sensible attitude assumed toward boxing. There is no accomplishment more useful, no exercise more beneficial. The opportunity of receiving instruction in this really manly art would be a great boon to many of us. We are grateful to Mr. Pine for his munificence, we would be equally thankful to any one who should present the college with sets of boxing-gloves, and procure for us the privilege of being taught their use.

CURLING.—This novel game was played here some two weeks ago for the first time. It did not impress us favorably. It lacks the heated excitement of skating, and the delicious repose of freezing. We failed to understand the excitement and enthusiasm of those Scotchmen as they shied cobblestones and wildly swept every snow flake from the track. We don't see how they could have supposed that they were having such a hot time.

It seems improbable that the game could ever succeed here. In point of comfort it is inferior to bowling, and in point of interest it is far below quoits. Either bowling or pitching quoits is its superior in point of exercise. We hope the classic Discobolos may never absurdly merge into this cobble oscillator.

A "Seminole" recently preached a "ten minute sermon" on the Temptation in Eden, dividing his discourse into the following heads—the bite, the biter, the bitten, and the result.

Yale's new boat house is finished. It has two stories, the lower for storing boats, the upper for dressing rooms, &c. It boasts a veranda. Luxury!

A rumored translation: *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*, "There is nothing left of the dead but a bone."

Color as well as Form has rightly become the aim of artistic hosiers; but we must reprobate the unnecessary publicity given to that circumstance by the skater, who, being asked if he had seen stars at his last fall, replied: "No, but when Susy fell I saw stripes."

A gentleman in '76 made 170 calls on New Year's day. He says he's glad not to be a public officer and obliged to visit all the constituents. He thinks it's hard enough to make one's calling, without having to make one's election sure.

Aunt Jemima says that these fast modern girls are getting beyond her. "There was Lucy and Fanny and Lottie, all wanted to go in at the stage door the night of the Inter-Collegiate Contest to congratulate the speakers."

This strikes us as being almost equal to old King Kalakaua going behind the scenes at the Black Crook to "inspect the mechanism of the theatre" as the *Tribune* reporter said. But those literary fellows are a sly lot.

A new faith has sprung up in college, half of Dr. McCosh's History of Philosophy Class are said to be falling into Mysticism. One of them told us

the other day that he was looking for a book in which he might find an account of Neo-Plato's life.

Mr. J. W. Biddle of '76 distinguished himself during vacation by defeating Gittings the champion shot of Maryland in a pigeon match. No wonder the Faculty object to the combination of Biddles and guns in the college.

DR. NOAH PORTER, President of Yale College preached in Princeton at the First Church on Sunday evening, January 17th, to a large audience.

"Pap" of '75 made a bet that he would take first in Science and Religion: he lost and is now unable to pay up. He went on that slow trot of his to Washington, and spent all his money. He now says he only made the bet in fun.

PROFESSOR MARTIN of the University of New York is delivering a course of lectures to the Senior Class on Saturdays to fill in the interval prior to Dr. Murray's arrival.

Dr. McCosh's philosophical gatherings are renewed this year. On the evening of January 20th, Mr. Allan Marquand read a paper on the Stoic Philosophy before about half a dozen Seniors and four times as many Juniors. The reading of the paper was followed by a brief general discussion of the subject. Mr. S. J. McPherson, the Tutor of Mathematics will read the next paper on the "Cartesian Philosophy." These meetings tend to stimulate the study of Mental Science among the students, and at the same time to afford an opportunity for the younger graduates to give the results of their researches.

SLEIGH RIDING was fashionable during the snow storm and afterward, last month. A lively crowd of '77 men "bundled" into a sleigh immediately after Chapel one afternoon, stating their intention of visiting aged relatives in the country districts. Most of these worthy persons seemed to reside on the road toward Trenton.

Joline's Club tried to negotiate for a ride one evening with a sleigh full of country lasses. But the girls were too many and "Ma" was with them—"Go 'way, will you."

Mr. Frank Biddle has been once again "laid up" by an accident to his knee, which temporarily interfered with his work for the crew.

A grand review and parade of the Princeton Police Force is expected on Washington's Birthday. It is expected that there will be great difficulty in keeping the line of march clear.

Ely of '77 and Reed of '78 walked to Washington from Princeton during vacation. Reece of '75 started but ceased, at Wilmington, Del.

A HISTORIC TREE.—At the Northwest corner of the School of Science stands a weeping-willow whose history is probably unknown to many of the oldest inhabitants of Princeton. A long time ago—some twenty-five or

thirty years—a young man visiting the grave of the great Napoleon at St. Helena cut a twig from one of the overhanging willows. This, upon his return to Princeton, he planted in the spot where now grows the tree of which we speak. It has several times barely escaped the rapacious axes of its several owners. Saved, however, by the intervention of one acquainted with its history, the old willow still stands with bowed form, like its progenitor which hung over the hero's tomb on that lonely Promethean rock far away in the Atlantic.

The following lines were handed in to us for publication. They are, to say the least, peculiar. The author could find no title which he considered appropriate. How would Summer Shadows do?

Pleasant it is to dream at breaking dawn,
A listless hazy dream. But sad, O
Sad to have it broken by a far fish-horn,
And "Shad! fresh Delaware Shad! O!"

Some things with equanimity are borne.
But here a Job would cry. "My gad, O!"
And rave as nearer through the morn
Comes "Shad! fresh Delaware shad! O!"

And we gain nothing when the pest is done,
For our bright visions, dreams of Eldorado,
Chateaux d'Espagne—all these have got them gone
With "Shad! fresh Delaware shad! O!"

F. says that course in geology last year taught him one thing *any how*—Hughmillery.

A Senior has given out that he is studying for the Fellowship of the Saints. There's going to be mighty little competition.

Our last issue contained two "Dreams of the Future." One of them has been realized. Mr. Geo. O. Vanderbilt of '73 is speaker of the New Jersey legislature.

To have many friends is a serious matter during these snowy months. They take liberties which the bitterest enemy would shrink from. If you ever suspect that a cattle-train has mistaken your ear for a tunnel, be sure that some dear acquaintance is on the other side of the street and is making another. One don't like to be unpopular, but it is an open question whether black-balling is not preferable to snow-balling.

A Freshman friend who takes immense stock in the Beecher trial, thinks that Mrs. Morse called the Psalmist (sometimes known as David) a fool when she wrote in her letters to Henry Ward, as follows:

"Do you know when I hear of your cracking jokes from Sunday to Sunday, and think of the misery you have brought upon us, I think with the Psalmist. 'There is no God.' " [Ps. 53, 1.]

Colonel Higginson, in a letter to the *Independent* a few weeks ago, speaks in high terms of the Inter-collegiate Literary contest. He attributes the success of the Essayists to their superior instruction when in college, referring to our friend from Belfast, as Mr. Marquand's Gamaliel, and to Professor Shackford, a pupil of Channing as preceptor of the successful Cornell competitor.

Great research has been made by many of those interested in the student mentioned in the last Litr., (who could not find his social equal,) to find his social inferior. The research has thus far, we are sorry to add been fruitless.

The following is a discriminating critique after the style of the *N. Y. Herald*:

THE INTER-COLLEGiate CONTEST.—AN EVENING OF PLATITUDES AND IDIOTIC DRIBBLE.—VACUITY AND FULSOMENESS.—MANNER AND MANNERISM.—MATTER AND MATERIALISM.

It rained severely last night, yet by 8 o'clock quite a large audience of college-boys and women assembled in the Academy. The women brought bouquets which they proposed to bestow impartially upon their particular friends. The boys wore colors, which, it is hoped, had some beautiful significance for them.

When all was ready, when the flowing hair had been brushed for the last time, and the final bow had been made before the mirror, that fountain of eloquence (?) J. H. Salisbury of Rutgers, was turned on. He poured forth a verbal torrent concerning the "Necessity for Independent Thought." His theme was well suited to his style. He did it credit. He illustrated it beautifully. After flowing on relentlessly for some ten minutes, he ceased,—but only because the regulations of the contest declared—Hitherto and no further. He was dammed up, so to speak;—up and down, by all sensible people.

Then the President introduced a Lafayette man—named Forest Hulings, who became in a few moments a howling wilderness. His speech was an oratorical desert without an oasis. The caravan-audience labored along in hopes, that, as each new stretch drew to a close, it might be the last. But no, this phantom of hope proved a delusive mirage. Only after great discomfort did they reach the end, when the barrenness ceased and the flowers appeared.

Then came C. B(ubble) Hubbell of Williams. After the last speaker, it was a relief to look upon the vegetation that luxuriated all over this young man's visage: not just green, you know, but drab like southern moss. His theme was ambitious,—“The Good King of the North.” Mr. H. is a great aspirer,—without the 'pirer.

W. D. Edmonds also of Williams next appeared. This gentleman was very much at his ease;—so much so, indeed, that when in the heat of pas-

sion he had uttered a profane sentiment in regard to St. Simeon Stylites, he had the presence of mind to observe : " Ladies and gentlemen, I take that back. An impulse came upon me to say it, and it slipped out." We hope these were the words of *soberness*: they certainly were not the words of *truth*. This appearing natural may be all well enough, but in the future W. D. Edmonds had better let well enough alone.

B. C. Cooke, of the University of N. Y., next victimized the audience. His theme, " Men of Strength," was provocative of smiles and odious comparisons. This gentleman's wardrobe was the most interesting part of his speech.

James Kemlo of Rutgers was next introduced. After a winning bow this orator began to speak. " Charles Sumner" was his subject, and he dissected him with great interest to himself. He rather cut the statesman to pieces, that boy did. Were we not sure that Sumner is now far above such treatment, we would say that James Kemlo hauled him over the coals. As this gentleman spoke, his hair erected itself by degrees.

J. C. Tomlinson of the University of N. Y., spoke on " The Cid." His speech was an excellent compilation. The utter insignificance of his figure was rendered painfully apparent by the size of his neck-tie. There was not a shadow of a shade of merit in his whole performance.

W. D. Nicholas of Princeton followed--all the best authorities upon Michael Angelo's life, character, and paintings. His speech was fustian. If M. A.'s ghost was hovering anywhere around 14th St. that night, how it must have squeaked and gibbered! It has a bone to pick with W. D. N., some of these days: humerus idea, isn't it?

Then came a youth, N. H. Larzelere of Lafayette. This Lazarus arose from the grave repose which he had been endeavoring to counterfeit while the President was reading his name, and proceeded to instruct W. C. Bryant, Geo. W. Curtis, and Whitelaw Reid, in the requirements of a true statesman. But Lazarus and his saws didn't seem to impress them favorably.

At the mention of the word " Cluck" a brood of Cornell chicks peeped with confident delight behind the scenes. But that little discourse about architecture and religion was very much out of place in the Academy of Music. If Mr. Cluck saw sermons in stones, he needn't have preached them there.

The next orator, Mr. Miller of Princeton, has been criticized by the *Cornell Era* in a manner so perfectly harmonizing with the spirit of this critique, that we feel constrained to plagiarize what can't excel. " The boy was small; his subject large. Flowery similes, repulsive metaphors, threadbare common places, and illogical crudities were mingled in a way purely original with the speaker. With the miller in the novel, this one evidently thought that 'it's an uncommonly fine thing when you can let a man know what you think of him without paying for it.' Acting on this lawless motto,

he laid about him and demolished the literary reputations of the principal scientific men of Europe in as reckless a manner as Wild Bill spreads havoc among the Irish aborigines at a Metropolitan Variety show. Tyndall was torn in pieces and merged before his time into the infinite azure of the past; Herbert Spencer was satirized in such a style that his personal friends will do well to withhold from him his accustomed copies of the *NASSAU LIT.* He might not be snuffed by such criticism but it would injure his reputation in Europe. Modesty of assertion was this young man's strongest claim to applause, &c."

PERSONAL.

'41, Craig Biddle recently appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, by the Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Biddle is like many others of this talented family, a man of great culture and varied attainments.

'44, George K. Boker formerly minister to Constantinople, recently promoted and appointed to St. Petersburg.

'70, Samuel Irvin, banker in New York.

'70, A. H. Joline, lawyer in New York.

'71, I. Pennington, practising medicine in the Metropolis.

'78, "J. PARKER—MAUL.—At Georgetown, D. C., December 15, by Rev. I. Bailie Adams, I. Edwin Parker, Esq., to Miss Emma G. Maul, &c., all of Georgetown.

'78, D. T. Marvel of Georgetown has been made Secretary of the U. S. Senate Committee on engrossed Bills.

'74, W. Lyman Biddle, in Dresden "learning the language."

'74, Fred Williamson studying law in New York.

'74, David Paton also has the bar in view.

'74, De Lancey Nicoll seems so inclined also.

'74, Jack Frost, (partial course) is studying law in New York too, studying it with great perseverance we understand.

'75, The same may be said of D. G. Walker who has once more recovered the use of his eyes.

'75, George Washington Irving, has—has—been married, "We are passing away."

EXCHANGES.

We have received since our last issue the following exchanges:

Yale Courant, College Spectator, Cornell Era, Aurora, Yale Record, Raven, Dartmouth, Normal Monthly, Lafayette Monthly, Trinity Tablet, Oberlin Review, Tripod, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Magenta, Iowa Classic, Cornell Review, University Herald, The Collegian, Scribner's Magazine, St. Nicholas, N. Y. School Journal.

We beg leave to suggest to certain of our exchanges the propriety of omitting the little requests, &c., peuned on the wrapper in addition to our address, or of paying for them at their end of the route.

The most novel of our exchanges is that excellent sheet from the Northwest—the *Tripod*. It comes to us redolent with the advantages and the evils of co-education. The leading editorial is a protest against an order given by the faculty prohibiting the attendance of the lady-students at the evening literary gatherings. Alas that such a command should be necessary to interrupt the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the pure platonic affection, the exchange of pleasant smiles on the part of the Northwestern literati and literate. The contemplation of all other periodicals besides itself fills the *Tripod* with "faintness and nauseæ."

The *Raven* has again winged its ominous flight into our presence. It is said that the raven lives one hundred years—O, we hope not. Anyhow, old *Raven*, don't try; just go on a bust, and croak nevermore.

The *Aurora* contains a long description of Princeton, the battle-ground, colleges, campus, &c. It aims to be not merely instructive but facetious, remarking that on the street "you meet a few negroes, a few mules, and a host of students." This is really the brightest scintillation of the *Aurora*.

The *Harvard Advocate* contains a few paraphrases from the poems of Heine, which, while rhythmically defective, preserve very well the spirit of the original. We recommend to such of our poetical contributors as are in any degree familiar with the modern languages, the plan of writing poetry on some such method as this. The practice in versification is good, and the stilted sentiment and crude imagery of the amateur is supplied by something deep and suggestive from a literature which is not too familiar to the American.

The *Yale Record* comes in on time as usual, and as usual represents the college well. The study of Shakespeare at most of the colleges makes a voluminous literature on the subject, and the *Record* contains, in the midst of accounts of conventions and class meetings, a fragment on Shylock, which is an oasis in the desert of New Haven items. This may denote a reaction in the literary pursuits at Yale caused by the late Inter-Collegiate Contest, which even the editorials of the *Herald* have been unable to prevent. The article in question, which, by the way, sets forth the personality and individuality of the writer by a constant use of the pronoun "I," may have been written by some aspirant for the Shakespearian prize in the "Inter-Collegiate," who indulged in the vain hope that his Alma Mater would repent at the eleventh hour, and join the "spelling match," and who, now that the contest is past, desires to show what "might have been." If this be so, we shudder at Mr. Fitch's narrow escape. The opening paragraph alone would make Richard Grant White shed tears, and would conquer a committee.

The *Courant*, while in our judgment inferior to its sister sheet, is a very entertaining publication. The typography and outside cover are very attractive.

The *Magenta* for Jan. 17, makes a mistake, which, having been made before, it may be well to correct. Mr. Marquand who took the Essay Prize at the contest is not the stroke oar of last year's crew, but is a brother of that gentleman.

The *Cornell Review* for January contains an essay by James F. Cluck entitled the "Greek and Gothic Architecture as Exponents of the Religious Sentiment." The matter of the essay is somewhat trite; the form is, however, excellent. There is an original, concise, Frenchiness (if we may so speak) about the style, seldom found in a college periodical. The *Review* also contains an entertaining article by Professor Thackford.

The *College Spectator* contains a gem entitled "The Dying Year." Of some sixty-five lines only twenty-five are free from italics. The typography is as much mixed as the metaphors. Here is a couplet transcribed *verbatim et literatim*.

"The way to bliss lies not on beds of down
'To be!' is better far than not to be!'"

Observe, his bold figure.

"Upon the spring-board of the hopeful 'Past'
The 'Present' like an eager athlete stands," &c.

And this,

"The passion flowers that grew within the soul,
And perfumed life."

Sweet child of song, the passion-flower emitteth no perfume.

Ah seer, from whose soul have flowed these lovely melodies, to thee rustic's words seem fitted well;—"You may be a darned fool, but you're no poet."

We have received the advance sheets of *Scribner's Magazine* and the *St. Nicholas*, for February. Both are noteworthy—the latter especially so. Within our knowledge, no child's paper published in America or elsewhere is so complete in every way as the *St. Nicholas*. In beauty of illustration and general interest and charm, it far exceeds all other juvenile*periodicals. It must command the public favor it deserves.

The *Dartmouth* is a neatly gotten-up magazine, but too heavy. It may be very instructive, but it certainly is not very interesting. We miss in it that piquancy and life which characterize a few of our other exchanges.